AMERICA'S #1 SUPER HERO!

ECLIPSE

MIRACLEMAN

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The MYSTERY of
EMIL GARGUNZA—
The SECRETS of
"THE VISITOR"—
The ORIGIN of
MIRACLEMAN—
REVEALED!

MIRACLEMAN

THE APPROACHING LIGHT

AGAIN, LAST NIGHT.

AGAIN I DREAMED.

I DREAMED OF DEATH AND JUNGLE.

IT IS LAUGHABLE. I AM LAUGHABLE. CAN WE ***NEVER*** RISE ABOVE OUR STEREOTYPES?

PERHAPS TONIGHT I SHALL DREAM OF COTTON BALLS AND WATER MELON AND AWAKEN TO FIND MYSELF SINGING "MAMMY".

BUT NO. I ONLY DREAM OF DEATH.

DEATH AND JUNGLES.

THIS ***MYSTICISM***. THIS WEAK AND HYSTERICAL MYSTICISM. IT WILL DESTROY ME.

HE WILL DESTROY ME.

HIS ENEMY HAS STOLEN HIS WIFE. HIS ENEMY GARGUNZA, WHO I HAVE DISCOVERED LIVES IN PARAGUAY.

IT SEEMS WE MUST TAKE A 'PLANE. WERE HE TO FLY ME THERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER I WOULD FALL PREY TO THE WIND-CHILL FACTOR AND FREEZE.

THUS HE NEEDS CLOTHES, TAILORED FOR A SEVEN-FOOT-TALL MAN. I ASKED IF IT WOULD NOT BE SIMPLER TO TRAVEL AS ***MORAN***.

NO. HE DOES NOT ***TRUST*** MORAN IN A CRISIS.

SOMETIMES I ALMOST ***UNDERSTAND*** HIM.

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SHE IS SO CALM.
I HAD EXPECTED (OR PERHAPS ANTICIPATED? AH, EMIL, YOU OLD RAM.)...I HAD EXPECTED MORE FEAR AND PLEADING.
SHE IS ADMIRABLE.
SHE IS WORTHY. WORTHY AS THE WIFE OF A SUPERMAN...
...WORTHY AS A MOTHER.
BUT WHY IS SHE SO CALM? IT IS ALMOST AS IF...
AS IF...
NO. IT IS NOT WORTH CONSIDERING. EMIL IS ROMANCING AGAIN. EMIL IS CONCERNING HIMSELF WITH FANTASY WHEN THERE IS SO MUCH FACT...
THE FIBRE-CAMERAS ARE IN PLACE. I CAN SEE, NOW.
I CAN SEE.
CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. MORAN.
IT'S A GIRL.
I KNOW.

THERE.
HE DOESN'T LOOK SO SPECIAL, DOES HE? NOT QUITE THE GREAT BURNING JUJU AFTER ALL, EH?
STRIP HIM OF HIS GAUDY LEOTARD AND HE IS, AFTER ALL, BUT A MAN.
ALMOST.
ALMOST A MAN.
AND DON'T FORGET, YOU HAVE SEEN HIM AFRAID. WHEN HE BELIEVED THAT THE MAN NAMED BATES HAD TAKEN HIS WIFE THERE WAS HUMAN TERROR IN HIS EYES.
NO. HE IS NOT SO MUCH.
...AND YET YOU FOLLOW HIM.
NATURALLY, THERE IS A REASON FOR THIS. YOU MUST LOCATE GARGUNZA TO SUIT YOUR OWN ENDS. HE HAS THE SECRETS THAT YOU REQUIRE. IT IS LOGICAL THAT YOU FOLLOW THIS MAN.
...AS IF YOU HAD A CHOICE.
BELOW US NOW, SOUTH AMERICA, SMOULDERING WITH THE PROBLEMS THAT BESET ITS COCAINE INDUSTRY, THRASHING IN A MORASS OF LOST WARS, AND ECONOMIC RUIN, AND LIGHT...
...AND SHADOW...
...AND JUNGLE.

SO BEAUTIFUL.
SO INFINITELY STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL...
SWAYING IN THE FIBRE-LIGHT, ADRIFT IN HER AMNIOTIC OCEAN.
AND HER FACE...
SO BARELY-FORMED AND UNAWARE.
SO BEAUTIFUL. SO...
...STRANGE.
AA!
HERR DOKTOR? YOU CRIED OUT?
UH?
NO...NO, A SNEEZE. I HAVE A COLD. PERHAPS WE HAD BEST CONCLUDE OUR EXPLORATIONS FOR TODAY.
EXCUSE ME.
I NEED REST.

HE SLEEPS.
THE HEAT OF THE HOTEL ROOM DOESN'T BOTHER HIM.
BUT MY SKIN GLISTENS. IT IS THE HEAT. IT IS THE HEAT THAT KEEPS ME AWAKE.
NO IT ISN'T.
IT IS THE SUPERSTITION, THE MYSTICISM. YOU ARE AFRAID, MR. CREAM...
WHY NOT SIT AND ROLL YOUR EYES IN THE DARK, MR. CREAM? WHY NOT SHIVER AND SAY "LAWSY! I'SE SPOOKED!"
YOU ARE A FOOL. GO TO SLEEP.
INSECT BODIES CRUNCHING UNDER FOOT.
I RUN THROUGH A FOREST OF HANGED MEN.
I FLEE THE TERROR THAT FOLLOWS BEHIND...
...ONLY TO FIND...
...THAT IT IS IN FRONT OF ME.

AAAAAAA!
HERR DOKTOR?
NOTHING, GUNTER. A DREAM.
NOTHING.
RETURN TO YOUR BED.
NOTHING.
BUT I SAW IT.
OH, A REFLEX ACTION ALMOST CERTAINLY, BUT STARTLING NONTHELESS...
THAT MOMENT...
THAT LURCHING, VERTIGINOUS MOMENT...
...WHEN IT OPENED ITS EYES...
AND LOOKED AT ME.
I WILL NOT GET TO SLEEP AGAIN TONIGHT. I AM TOO OLD.
DAWN INFECTS THE SKY.
AN APPROACHING LIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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"BUT I DID."
"MY I.Q., YOU SEE, WAS ALMOST 190."
"...AND I KNEW THAT THERE WAS LITTLE HONEST MONEY TO BE MADE IN RIO."
"THERE WAS A LOCAL GANGSTER, A MAN NAMED AURELIO. BECAUSE I WAS A SMALL AND UGLY CHILD WHO POSED NO THREAT, HE ADOPTED ME. I WAS HIS MASCOT."
"HIS GOOD LUCK PIECE."
"HIS JOKE."
"SOMETIMES, HE LET ME MAKE SUGGESTIONS."
"MY SUGGESTIONS SERVED AURELIO VERY WELL. BY AGE THIRTEEN, I RAN MUCH OF HIS BUSINESS FOR HIM."
"HE DAMNED ME FOR A EUNUCH, AND MY MOTHER FOR A WHORE."
"THEN ONE NIGHT, DRUNK, HE TRIED TO INTERFERE WITH ME, SEXUALLY. I RESISTED. I WAS BEATEN."
"POOR AURELIO. HE DIDN'T KNOW."
"HE WAS AN UNEDUCATED MAN WITH NO HEAD FOR FIGURES. HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND HOW UNNECESSARY HE HAD BECOME."
"I EARNED FAR MORE MONEY THAN HE DID. I OWNED HIS MEN. THEY WORKED FOR ME."
"I HAD HIM TAKEN FROM HIS BED ONE NIGHT."
"HE WATCHED WHILE I RAPED HIS WOMAN."
"AND THEN I BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH A BASEBALL BAT."
"I WAS FOURTEEN."

"BY THE TIME I WAS EIGHTEEN, I HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO ENSURE MY MOTHER'S COMFORT DURING THIS LIFE, AND A LITTLE MORE BESIDES."
"IT WAS EUROPE THAT I WISHED TO SEE NOW. I HAD GROWN TIRED OF DUST AND BLOOD."
"EUROPE IN 1928 WAS AN INTELLECTUAL'S PARADISE. I MET MARTIN HEIDEGGER, THE PHILOSOPHER. I STAYED WITH HIM AT FREIBURG FOR A WHILE..."
"SUCH TALKS WE HAD. HE WAS NOT YET FORTY, THEN. A YOUNG MAN..."
"I BEGAN TO STUDY SCIENCE SERIOUSLY...GENETICS IN PARTICULAR. SO LITTLE WAS KNOWN, YOU SEE. THE CHROMOSOME'S EXISTENCE HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED LESS THAN TWENTY YEARS BEFORE."
"AS MY REPUTATION EXPANDED, I MET MANY SIGNIFICANT PEOPLE."
"ONE OF THEM WAS REICH-CHANCELLOR HITLER."
SO MUCH HAS BEEN SAID ABOUT HIM. MY IMPRESSION WAS OF A MAN WHO BELIEVED VERY STRONGLY IN WHAT HE DID, BUT WITH A DANGEROUS WEAKNESS FOR MYSTICISM.
HE WAS NO LESS SANE THAN MANY I HAVE ENCOUNTERED.
IN 1934 I WAS GIVEN A POSITION WITHIN THE REICH, RESEARCHING GENETICS AMONGST OTHER THINGS.
IN 1941, I REALISED THAT THE AXIS COULD NOT WIN THE WAR AND I DEFECTED TO ENGLAND.
I WAS MADE VERY WELCOME. BEFORE MY DEFECTION I HAD WORKED UPON THE THEN-EXPERIMENTAL V2.
ON THE STRENGTH OF THIS, I WAS GIVEN A POSITION WITHIN AIRFORCE INTELLIGENCE.

"MY IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR WAS A MAN CALLED SIR DENNIS ARCHER A HEREDITARY PEER AND AN INFLEXIBLE CHRISTIAN MORALIST
HE WAS A PRIG AND A BORE BUT EASY TO MANIPULATE
IN 947 MY MOTHER DIED
HAD KILLED MY FIRST MAN ALMOST BEFORE I HAD GROWN A MAN'S HAIR AND YET THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD UNDERSTOOD MORTALITY."
I THOUGHT OF MARTIN HEIDEGGER AND HIS IDEA THAT TRUE HUMANITY COMES WITH NOT BOWING TO THE EXTERNAL WORLD
I DECIDED THEN THAT I SHOULD NEVER BOW TO MY OWN MORTALITY
"IN 948 I WAS GIVEN THE MEANS BY WHICH THIS MIGHT BE ACCOMPLISHED
IT WAS A NIGHT IN MARCH I WAS ROUSED FROM MY BED WITH NEWS OF A POISON GAS SCARE IN WILTSHIRE."
NEARLE
I DO NOT SEE WHY I SHOULD BE INVOLVED IN THIS BUT IT WAS INSISTED THAT I BE DRIVEN DOWN TO SEE FOR MYSELF
THE POISON GAS WAS A FABRICATION OF COURSE THAT WAS JUST TO EXPLAIN THE NECESSARY EVACUATION OF THE AREA
"IT WAS A BITTERLY COLD NIGHT I RECALL IT PERFECTLY

TO BE CONTINUED.

SALISBURY, EVENING
OH, IT'S PERFECTLY TRUE, MRS MORAN, I ASSURE YOU. A CRAFT FROM ANOTHER GALAXY CRASH-LANDED IN WILTSHIRE ALMOST THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
MORE COFFEE?
IT WAS DAMAGED, MELTED IN PLACES, A GIANT ICARUS THAT HAD BRUSHED THE SUN
ITS SURFACE I RECALL WAS IMPOSSIBLY SEAMLESS, AND THERE WAS A SMELL OF ANISEED AND OZONE...
IT WAS MAGNIFICENT
WE ENTERED THE SHIP WE GAVE NO THOUGHT TO RADIATION... IT WAS A SIMPLER AGE
WE HAD TO USE ROPES TO GET INSIDE THERE WERE NO RAMPS, NO LADDERS THE SHIP'S OWNER HAD NOT NEEDED THEM
WE ENTERED THE SHIP
BUT, LIKE TUNA-FISH SWIMMING THROUGH THE WRECKAGE OF AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE, WE DID NOT COMPREHEND IT
MIRACLEMAN
WE COULD NOT.
IT WAS FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE
A LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN

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IT FRIGHTENED ME A LITTLE.. BUT NOT, I HOPE THROUGH SIMPLE HUMAN XENOPHOBIA AND SUPERSTITION
I LOOKED AT THE ALIEN TECHNOLOGY ABOUT ME AND I UNDERSTOOD ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR HUMANITY IT WAS SO DESIRABLE...
SO DANGEROUS
THE LIGHT WAS SOURCELESS, AND OF AN INDEFINABLE COLOUR THE GRAVITY WAS FALSE
AFTER THIRTY SECONDS INSIDE THE CRAFT ONE OF THE JUNIOR OFFICERS REPRODUCED SYMPTOMS OF VIOLENT EPILEPSY
FOR MY PART, I WAS SICK I MANAGED IT WITH AS MUCH DIGNITY AS I COULD MUSTER, BUT THERE WAS THE SENSATION OF FOULING SOMETHING SACRED NONTHELESS
WE CONTINUED, INTO THE SHIP
WE FOUND A MASSIVE ARRANGEMENT OF POLYHEDRONS THAT WERE PERHAPS OUR VISITOR'S LIBRARY OR ARMOURY OR LARDER
WE FOUND A MACHINE THAT HAD INTESTINES WE FOUND CIRCUITRY THAT SEEMED TO BE MADE OF WATER
AND FINALLY WE FOUND THE VISITOR

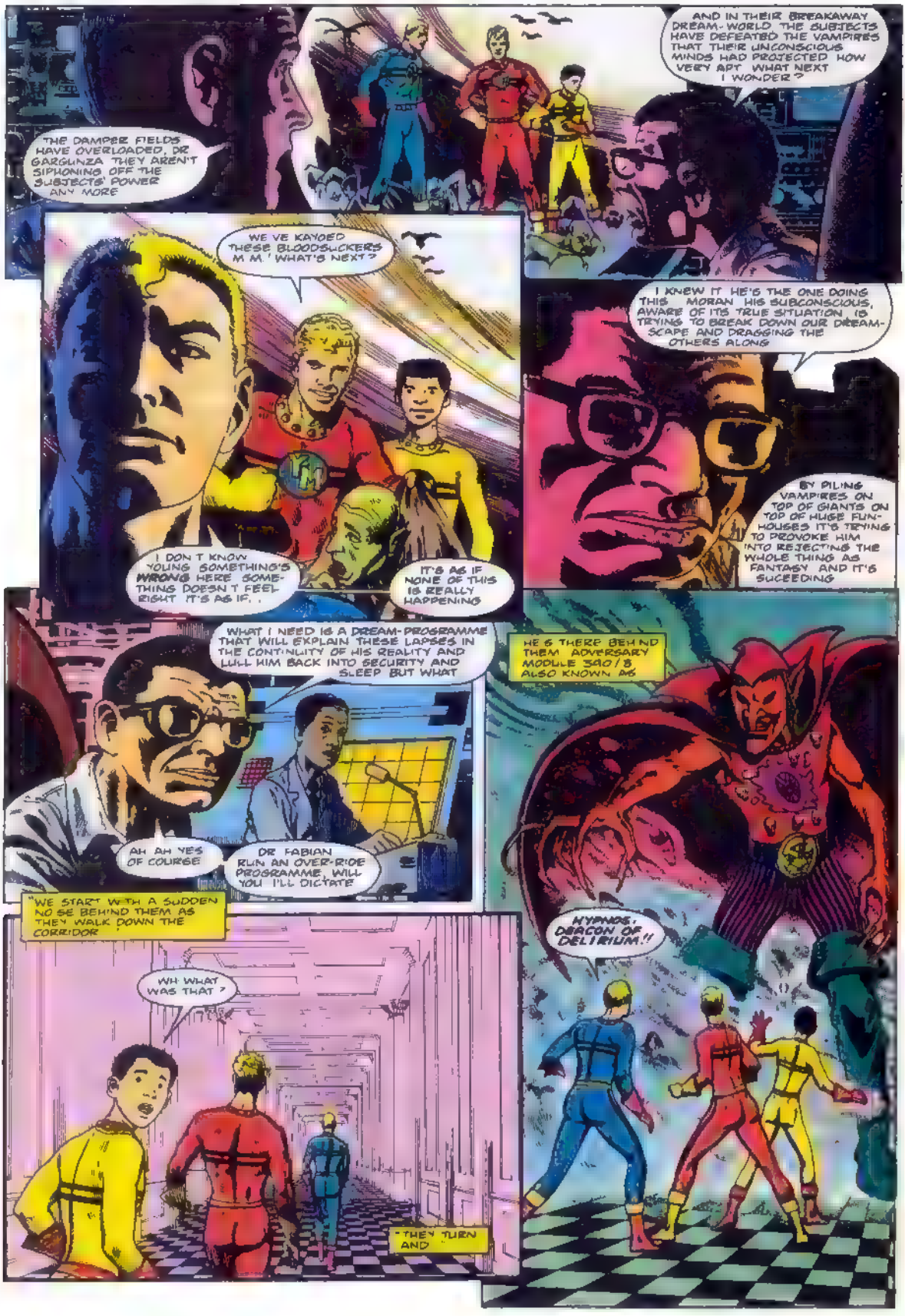
CRAFT BECAME PROPERTY OF AIRFORCE INTELLIGENCE, AS DID ITS LATE PILOT
THE DEAD ALIEN OBSESSED ME. REFUSING TO CONFORM TO ANY BIOLOGICAL THEORY THAT I COULD IMAGINE FASCINATED, I CIRCLED THIS ENIGMA FOR A FULL YEAR
IT HAD TWO OF EVERYTHING. TWO HEADS, INTERSECTING WITH EACH OTHER. TWO BRAINS CRUSHED TOGETHER INTO AN AMORPHOUS BROWN GREY MASS
AND YET IT WAS ONE CREATURE. ITS CELL-STRUCTURE CONSISTENT THROUGHOUT.
OR RATHER, IT WASN'T YOU. SEE ONE OF THE BODIES WAS A CELLULAR REPLICATE OF THE OTHER. A CLONE. ALTHOUGH WE DID NOT HAVE THE WORD THEN
ALSO, THE SECONDARY BODY WAS TREMENDOUSLY EVOLVED AND ADAPTABLE
DO YOU SEE?
THEY WERE MINDS WITH MORE THAN ONE BODY. I SUPPOSE IT MADE SPACE SUITS REDUNDANT. JUST SELECT THE APPROPRIATE FORM FROM YOUR... WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT? YOUR BODY WARDROBE. AND PUT IT ON
BUT ONE NIGHT OVER WILTSHIRE, SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG. AN ENGINE MELT-DOWN, PERHAPS. SOME ACCIDENT THAT CAUSED BOTH BODIES TO OCCUPY THE SAME SPACE AT ONCE
I IMAGINE IT WAS VERY MUCH LIKE HELL

BUT FOR ME A HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY A GIFT OF FIRE FROM AN ALIEN PROMETHEUS.
YOU SEE IT WAS MY BELIEF THAT THIS PROCESS MIGHT BE MADE TO WORK UPON HUMANS.
WHAT IF YOU WERE TO TAKE A HUMAN BEING LET'S SAY A YOUNG ORPHAN WHOM NO ONE WOULD MISS
WHAT IF, FROM HIS LIVING CELLS, YOU COULD CREATE A PERFECTLY EVOLVED SUPERHUMAN?
WHAT IF YOU COULD PLACE THIS BODY IN CALL IT 'INFRASPACE', TO BE SUMMONED BY THE ACTIVATION OF A BRAIN-IMPLANT?
AND THIS BRAIN IMPLANT WHAT IF IT IS TRIGGERED BY THE UTTERANCE OF A SIMPLE, POST-HYPNOTIC KEY WORD? YOU BEGIN TO SEE?
WHAT, THEN, MIGHT NOT BE POSSIBLE?
WITHIN THOSE HALLS WE CRAFTED MONSTERS, AND IF ARCHER SUSPECTED AS MUCH, HIS SUSPICIONS WENT UNVOICED
HE AVERTED HIS EYES AND ALLOWED HIS CONSCIENCE TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY

HE WANTED POWER, YOU SEE. THAT UPRIGHT CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. I OFFERED IT TO HIM. "A GIFT, HERE, TAKE IT". AND SEIZING IT, HE COMMENCED HIS FALL FROM GRACE
I GAVE HIM SUPERMEN AN AMUSING CONCEPT, YES?
THE IDEA GREW FROM MY NEED TO FIND A MEANS OF CONTROLLING THESE BEINGS. HAD DECIDED TO ENSLAVE THEIR MINDS WITH DREAMS
WITH STOLEN ALIEN SCIENCE, CONSTRUCTED A DEVICE THAT WOULD SHAPE THEIR DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES
ALL THAT NEEDED WAS THE APPROPRIATE FANTASY. A PSEUDO-LOGICAL SYSTEM THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THEIR ABILITIES TO MY OVER-MEN IN A CREDIBLE FASHION.
FOR SIX MONTHS I WRESTLED WITH THIS PROBLEM, TO NO AVAIL
ONE DAY IN THE CANTEEN, CHANCED UPON A FLIMSY BLACK AND WHITE CHILDREN'S PAPER LEFT THERE BY SOME SEMI-LITERATE ENGINEER. I PICKED IT UP. I READ.
AND THEN, MRS MORAN, I LAUGHED AND LAUGHED AND LAUGHED.
AND WENT AWAY AND BUILT MY MIRACLE FAMILY. YOUR HUSBAND FIRST, THEN DAUNTLESS, THEN BATES
REDBECK AND LEAR CAME LATER, BUT THEY NEED NOT CONCERN YOU

DR GARGUNZA
WHY?
WHY DID YOU DO ALL THIS?
TO LIVE [redacted]
TO LIVE FOREVER IN A PERFECT BODY
BUT, YOU SEE, THAT WAS THE TRAGEDY WE LEARNED THAT THE PROCESS DID NOT WORK UPON THOSE ABOVE A CERTAIN AGE
MYSELF, APPROACHING FORTY, I WAS EXCLUDED. UNDETERRED I CONSIDERED [redacted]
I CONSIDERED WIPING CLEAN YOUR HUSBAND'S BRAIN AND IMPRINTING MY OWN INTELLIGENCE UPON IT, STEALING HIS BODY WITH A SCIENTIFICALLY [redacted]
THAT IS HORRIBLE EVEN SUPPOSING THAT YOU COULD DO IT
OH, I COULD HAVE DONE IT I HAD THE MEANS. BUT, NO, IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED
NOT ON AN ARTIFICIALLY CREATED BEING WITH AN ALREADY EXISTANT BRAIN IMPLANT NOT ON SUCH A MATURE AND POWERFUL PERSONALITY
BUT OF COURSE, IF THAT BEING [redacted] AND PRODUCE A BABY
A BABY THAT [redacted] POWERS NATURALLY, WITHOUT THE NEED FOR SAID BRAIN IMPLANT
AHH, BUT I HAVE BORED YOU FOR TOO LONG ALREADY
MORE COFFEE, MRS MORAN?

TO BE CONTINUED


THE DAMPER FIELDS HAVE OVERLOADED, DR GARGUNZA THEY AREN'T SIPHONING OFF THE SUBJECTS' POWER ANY MORE
AND IN THEIR BREAKAWAY DREAM-WORLD THE SUBJECTS HAVE DEFEATED THE VAMPIRES THAT THEIR UNCONSCIOUS MINDS HAD PROTECTED HOW VERY APT WHAT NEXT I WONDER?
WE'VE KAYOED THESE BLOODSUCKERS M M.' WHAT'S NEXT?
I DON'T KNOW YOUNG SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT IT'S AS IF..
IT'S AS IF NONE OF THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING
I KNEW IT HE'S THE ONE DOING THIS MORAN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS, AWARE OF ITS TRUE SITUATION IS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN OUR DREAM-SCAPE AND DRAGGING THE OTHERS ALONG
BY PILING VAMPIRES ON TOP OF GIANTS ON TOP OF HUGE FUN-HOUSES IT'S TRYING TO PROVOKE HIM INTO REJECTING THE WHOLE THING AS FANTASY AND IT'S SUCEEDING
WHAT I NEED IS A DREAM-PROGRAMME THAT WILL EXPLAIN THESE LAPSES IN THE CONTINUITY OF HIS REALITY AND LULL HIM BACK INTO SECURITY AND SLEEP BUT WHAT
AH AH YES OF COURSE
DR FABIAN RUN AN OVER-RIDE PROGRAMME, WILL YOU I'LL DICTATE
HE'S THERE BEHIND THEM ADVERSARY MODULE 340/8, ALSO KNOWN AS
HYPNOS, DRAGON OF DELIRIUM!!
"WE START WITH A SUDDEN NOISE BEHIND THEM AS THEY WALK DOWN THE CORRIDOR"
WH WHAT WAS THAT?
"THEY TURN AND"

WHEN MY SIRENS OF SLUMBER HAVE YOU IN THEIR LETHAL CARESSES"
GULP!
WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! WHO ELSE BUT THE NABOB OF NIGHTMARES COULD COME UP WITH A CREEPY SET-UP LIKE THIS? THAT EXPLAINS YOUR WEIRD SENSATIONS M M!
IT DOES INDEED, DICKEY DAUNTLESS! BUT IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT
HYPNOS YOU RAT! YOU KNOW THAT WE CAN'T HIT GIRLS"
IT'S WORKING DOCTOR! THE ELECTRO ENCEPHALOGRAM SHOWS THEY'RE SLOWLY REVERTING TO THE WAVE FORMATIONS OF OUR CONTROL SYSTEM.
HIT THEM? WHO WANTS
NO!
THIS IS WRONG!
DON'T YOU SEE! WE'RE BEING SEDUCED! THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US THINKING!
UH OH! THE E.E.G. IS ACTING UP AGAIN

HOW DID HYPNOS KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY, Y.M.? HE CALLED YOU DICKEY DAUNTLESS! HOW DID HE KNOW??
AND THIS CASTLE... THESE POWERS! HE WASN'T LIKE THIS THE LAST TIME WE ENCOUNTERED HIM! NONE OF THIS IS REAL!
NONE OF IT!
THE CONSOLE! OUT OF MY BLOODY WAY, FABIAN...
I... I LEARNED OF YOUR YOUNG FRIEND'S IDENTITY WITH A SECRET MIND-SCANNING DEVICE, AND AS FOR MY NEW-FOUND ABILITIES, THEY...
...THEY WERE GIVEN TO ME BY THE MAYOR OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION IN RETURN FOR SAVING HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE, AND...
NO! YOU'RE LYING! LOOK AT THIS CHAMBER...
IT'S CHANGING! EVERYTHING'S CHANGING! EVEN MY COSTUME!
DOCTOR... LOOK AT THIS...
MY GOD. CAN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS BE THAT POWERFUL? I NEVER DREAMED...
IF HE SHOULD WAKE... IF HE REALLY IS THAT POWERFUL, THEN...
THEN HE'LL KILL US, FABIAN. BE SURE OF THAT. JUST LOOK UP AT THAT SCREEN...

"HE WANTS TO KILL US."
I'M TIRED OF YOUR LIES, HYPNOS!
LET'S SEE WHO'S REALLY HIDING BEHIND THAT MASK!
GARGUNZA!
"OH GOD."
HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND... IT KNOWS.
HE KNOWS!
THERE'S GOT TO BE A PROGRAMME! THERE'S GOT TO BE AN END-SEQUENCE THAT WILL RESOLVE THE INSOLUBLE MESS THAT HIS MIND HAS WOVEN!
THERE'S GOT TO BE!
DOCTOR... H-HE'S STARTING TO MOVE...
GIVE ME THE ANSWERS, GARGUNZA! GIVE ME THE ANSWERS OR I'LL KILL YOU!
WELL, GARGUNZA? WHAT'S IT TO BE?

AND THEN THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY WOKE UP...
"...AND IT HAD ALL BEEN A DREAM."
WHEW! HEY, M.M.. KID! I JUST HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM.
HMMM. FUNNY... SO DID I. THANK GOODNESS IT WAS ONLY THAT... JUST AN INSANE NIGHTMARE...
NORMAL DREAM PATTERNS RE-ESTABLISHED COMPLETELY, AND ALL THE LOOSE ENDS TIED UP.
YOU'RE A GENIUS, DR. GARGUNZA.
YES, I SUPPOSE I AM.
WHO KNOWS? POSSIBLY EVEN AN IMMORTAL GENIUS. HA HA HA.
SAY, BY THE WAY, M.M...
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR COSTUME?
THE END?

MiRACLEMAiL

P.O.BOX 199 GUERNEVILLE, CA 95446

Dear Miracleman people:

Congratulations! You have achieved a true miracle in compelling me to write a letter to you. The only other comics that ever managed that were **Mystery in Space** (Adam Strange) and **Magnus, Robot Fighter.**

As an intelligent reader of all manner of fact and fiction, my two pet peeves are inconsistency: inconsistency with reality, as when some aliens expect to find neutronium in our modest sun (Legion of Super-Heroes pulled that boner), as well as inconsistency with past issues (as when the Justice League story that said goodbye to J'onn J'onzz completely rewrote everything that ten years of his own series had revealed about his planet, Mars). It has always enraged me that supposed professionals cannot keep track of their own characters as well as I did!

In taking a 50s Captain Marvel clone and turning him into a credible 80s hero, WITHOUT THROWING OUT OR IGNORING his "previous" adventures, you have done a feat unknown in the history of comics. Here we have these ridiculous adventures of this character with the stupid origin; how shall we explain them? Were they a hoax? YES! Were they dreams? YES! Was it an "imaginary story"? YES! Shall we "make it didn't happen"? YES! Shall it nevertheless be perfectly plausible and not an insult to our readership? YES! —— and THAT'S the part that staggers me. Again, well done!

You have just joined the ranks of comics I look forward to impatiently, along with **Jon Sable, Nexus, Badger, Crossfire, Aztec Ace** and **Cerebus.** Keep up the good work!

I look forward to learning:

(1) Where the alien came from, and why he came to Earth in the first place.

(2) The nature of the DNA modifications that give such powers. I don't expect blueprints, just a general explanation. I assume the powers are telekinetic, as Marvel has posited for Gladiator, and as Liz Moran was guessing. That would explain the other, new powers that "Kid Miracleman" displayed in issue 2; he's had 18 years to discover the less obvious applications of the power, which never occurred to the military, or else they didn't want to pass on such dangerous ideas to their test subjects.

(3) What role the replicates serve in the alien's society.

(4) How his costume repairs itself between fights. Are spares stored in that bunker and dispatched to him automatically? Has he now wrecked the machine that performs that service for him?

(5) Why the Spookshow (and you writers, from some of the captions in issue 2) consider the Miracleman Family to be monsters/gods. As clones with modified DNA, they may be artificial but they are entirely human, in the usual sense of the word. If Liz has a live baby, then they can't even be considered a different species. Is it your position that the enhanced force of will necessary to their powers makes a qualitative difference to their emotions, as when MM and Kid MM are fighting, or when MM is making love to Liz? I would suggest that their emotions are simpler (purer, if you like) just because they have no long-range responsibilities; when the fight is over, Miracleman goes back into infra-space and Micky Moran comes back. You may say that they didn't know this, but they don't think of themselves as entirely the same person; see MM's third-person references to Micky, for instance, or some of Micky's remarks about MM.

(6) Why Johnny Bates can't turn back into Kid MM now. It can't be some sort of "build-up," because Micky hasn't been MM for as long as Kid MM hasn't been Johnny Bates. It can't be because the replicates "belong" in infra-space, because they belong there no more than anything else; they were cloned in our universe, and PUT into infra-space. Is it because Johnny is pre-pubescent, but Kid MM is past that? That is one difference that doesn't apply to MM; both his bodies are post-pubescent. If that's the story, then we can look to see Kid MM back in a few years.

Finally I leave you with a couple of interesting thoughts:

If the original person dies, does the replicate die also, the infra-link bringing him back to fuse his skeleton with the other one?

What has Emil Gargunza been doing all these years? (Why aren't we up to our necks in Miraclemen?)

What's been happening on the alien's home planet since he crashed here, and how soon may we expect to hear from them next?

Again, keep up the good work.

David A.J. McGlone
60 N. 10th St. No. 2
San Jose, CA 95112

You're a very attentive reader, David. Some of your theories hit near the mark, but not in the gold. Keep reading ***Miracleman*** *to discover which ones.*

Dear Alans,

I had never even heard of Marvelman before **Miracleman** no. 2. You can imagine my surprise when I opened the cover and read it, and found one of the best best books I have ever read. Then, when I went to my gaming group's regular Saturday game, someone recommended **Miracleman** to me. I smiled and said, "Great book! Was the original Marvelman as good?" He just laughed.

Yesterday I got **Miracleman** no. 3 and found another terrific book. I can assure you no one laughed at IT. Gruesome story. Alan (the writer), you have a style that